

THE ACADEMY And LITERATURE

No. 2267 [Registered as a
Newspaper]

MAY 12, 1916

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THE ACADEMY.

Edited by T. W. H. CROSLAND.

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts unless they are accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

The Editorial and Advertising Offices of the ACADEMY are at 2, Charterhouse Street, E.C.

WAR-TIME PERSONS.

I. THE ASS.

The enemy without—and he within!

You meet him on the stairs of your high tower

All simpers. At his nose he hath a flower,

Upon his tongue cheap honey; and his chin

Waggeth for ever. If we lose or win—

Please don't talk war! The witty luncheon hour,

The joyous week-end! Good souls, who could sour

So blithe a spirit, or prick so sleek a skin?

Cheerfullest wight! It is his constant whim

To beam on Fate. All that he asks is love,

A salad, a glass of wine, music that charms,

A book, a friend, and "the blue sky above"—

And underneath, the everlasting arms

Of them that toil and groan and bleed for him.

T. W. H. C.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

HERE is the real "old ACADEMY"—at a penny, instead of threepence. Other people's prices threaten to go up, "owing to the increased cost of paper." Lest any soaring human person should say at the final summing that we barred him from the light, because he couldn't afford threepence, we descend to the price of the *Times*, and look Fate unwinkingly in the face. If you want to know the truth about poetry, *belles lettres*, criticism, literary journalism and kindred high matters, now is your chance!

In the piping day of peace, and while yet a weekly, our esteemed contemporary, the *Athenaeum*, announced that it proposed for the future, as in the past, "to reflect the literary fashions." That was a great ambition, and must have encouraged the souls of the fashionable writing and publishing fraternities—the Paquins and Peter Robinsons of Parnassus, so to speak. But for ourselves—we have other fish to fry. The fact that the literary *modes* have latterly stood in a similar relation to literature as the sumptuary *modes* sometimes stand to reasonable dressing, need not trouble us. Are we Miss Jinkins in "the Millinery" that we should tip, adjust, or otherwise arrange the cheval-glass for the "authoress" of "The Third Wife's Sister," or Mr. Smeek, of the "sartorial atelier," that we should perform a like office for the obese composer of "Sonnets that Took Such a Fearful Lot of Writing"? We trow not!

And now to business. According to all accounts, there is a Shakespeare Tercentenary afoot. The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, K.C., M.P., S.R.T., is taking part, and so is everybody else, including Miss Marie Corelli. It is the custom either to take these affairs heavily or to treat them as a sort of delicate joke. In point of fact, they are all to the good. The people of England cannot have too much Shakespeare thrust upon them, whether now, or at any other time. We are glad to note that the *Daily Mirror*, of all sheets in the world, has been printing poetry about Shakespeare day by day for a whole week or more, and survives to smile at the ancient and fish-like theories as to what "the public want." On Saturday our contemporary actually took its life in its hands and gave the public Meredith!—

Thy greatest knew thee, Mother Earth; unsoured
He knew thy sons. He probed from hell to hell
Of human passions, but of love deflowered
His wisdom was not, for he knew thee well.
Thence came the honeyed corner at his lips,
The conquering smile wherein his spirit sails
Calm as the god who the white sea-wave whips,
Yet full of speech and intershifting tales,
Close mirrors of us: thence had he the laugh
We feel is thine: broad as ten thousand beeves
At pasture! thence thy songs, that winnow chaff
From grain, bid sick Philosophy's last leaves
Whirl, if they have no response—they enforced
To fatten Earth when from her soul divorced.

We have not heard that the *Mirror* has been burnt on the Stock Exchange, or banned at the Board schools in consequence.

The plain truth is that nothing can be too good for the public, which, taken in the lump, is possessed of a great deal more mentality than the persons who profess to "write down" to it.

We opened a *Daily Mail* the other morning, and our heart jumped as we read the headline:

SHAKESPEARE SPEAKS.

But, after all, it was only Whibley.

The *Weekly Dispatch* has been asking the very eminent what Shakespeare "has meant to them?" George Moore, S.R.T., began his reply thus:

I have been asking myself all this morning what Shakespeare has meant to me, but my soul gives back no answer. It is true that I have listened to the plays for the sake of the language, which has often seemed to me as beautiful as the language used in Wagner's "Ring."

The Germans will doubtless thank Gussie's brother for that sweet compliment. Max Pemberton's answer ran, "Shakespeare has meant to me 'the book' in which lies the wisdom and beauty of all other books." Didn't Pemberton furnish "the book" for one of the earlier Hippodrome shows? The *Weekly Dispatch* appears to have omitted to ask E. V. Lucas, S.R.T. (also late of the Hippodrome) what Shakespeare means to him. Perhaps he will be telling us in the *Star* before the May meetings are over. A statement on the subject by the man Harris, author of "The Man Shakespeare," might likewise be interesting just now.

The *Outlook*, "under new proprietorship," has a serious sonnet, which finishes as follows:

Yet, some while,
The judge must cease to be compassionate
If we persist in adding to the pile.

And the sonnet is signed by a gentleman who rejoices in the fine old banking name of Coutts.

From the advertisement columns of the same journal we take this:

Mills and Boon issue a Popular 1s. net Edition of Harold Begbie's

A LONDON GIRL.

The Bishop of London says: "I have lately been reading a story which interested and impressed me very much indeed. All you men ought to read it. It was called 'A London Girl.' The picture painted in it made a great impression on me, because I know from my own experience in rescue and preventive work that the story is literally true. It is the story of the downfall of hundreds of our girls in London to-day. The pitiful tale is not overdrawn; it is all too true."

A bishop with time on his hands to read a *Lloyd's Newspaper* serial in the middle of Armageddon, excites the fancy. We are not a bishop, but we can assure "you men," that though stories of "the downfall of our girls" may be a Boon, even Thomas Hardy, O.M., S.R.T., cannot, in our opinion, make them a blessing, and that anybody really desirous of an expansion of the mind and an uplifting of the spirit will do much better out of the Book of Job or the Epistles of Paul the Apostle than they will out of Begbie.

We have not read "A London Girl." It may be, and probably is, a work of high moral import for unsuspect-

ing innocence; but if its subject is correctly reflected in the Bishop of London's encomium, we say flatly that the simplest of us can get along admirably without it. Despite the creditable motives of their authors and fudge-men, it is a question whether books of this nature ever accomplish any real good. On the other hand, they have been known to assist in the development of the very evils they are designed to combat; whilst, as literature, of course, they are usually past thinking about. Begbie and the Bishop of London dabbling in stories of "down-falls," true or fictional, will worry many good people.

"No," says a well-known publisher, "I wouldn't say that the war is actually crippling the publishing business, but it certainly is affecting it. The publishers are not publishing as many books as they would in times of peace, and they are especially timid about publishing expensive books. The publication of fifteen shilling art books, those sumptuous confections that used to be especially popular in the holiday seasons, has stopped entirely. Nearly all books of fiction that are published are low-priced; the expensive novels are not published because it would not be worth while to put them on the market."

All this to *London Opinion*. Of course, nothing can cripple the publishing trade, which, when you come to think of it, has the monopoly of the non-journalistic reading of the country, and on the whole has abused that monopoly in the most flagrant way. With the publishing trade, questions of price are ever the great topic. Quality is a horse most distinctly not to be backed, till after he has gone to the knacker, when you turn on a "popular" novelist to write patronising prefaces about him, and sell him for all you are worth. With a few notable exceptions (and some of these are not by any means so notable as they might be), the literary tradition has died out of the publishing houses. For the most part they are now mere purveyors of fiction—"low-priced," and lower-thoughted. And this sublime condition of things is not in any sense "a result of the war." It existed long before Wilhelm II. went mad, and it will continue to exist long after we have him safely trussed up in a strait-waistcoat.

All the cackle about the regenerations which are to come upon "literature" by way of the present "world chaos"—we thank thee, Northcliffe, for that blinding phrase—is cackle and nothing more. We were told eighteen months ago that "the war would kill the sex novel." Since then one of the biggest firms in the trade has been prosecuted for publishing the usual "work of art." And some of the stuff which can still be obtained at every street corner for a shilling renders it abundantly evident that one may go tremendous lengths in the "art" line without at all ruffling the delicate susceptibilities of the police. We are not squeamish, and we have no more delight in censorships than the devil is said to have in holy water; but we say once more what we have been saying ever since we began to trail a critical pen,

that of two things important to humanity—namely, Art and Decency—Decency is vastly the more important.

It is not only in this particularly scandalous direction that what we may term the "popular" section of the publishing trade goes wrong. Though fiction, clean or unclean, is its stand-by—the pig, as it were, that pays the rent—there are other forms of undesirability out of which bright shillings may be made. Biography, reminiscence, essays, works which profess to be purely scientific, and even poetry and criticism, can be smirched with the touch which by a euphemism is said to "help sales," and from time to time that touch makes itself only too discredibly apparent. One sees continually recommended in the Press books which bear in their very titles the condemnation of their right of existence. Yet the publisher has published; the price is anything from half a guinea to thirty-one-and-sixpence; the advertisement department must be "supported," and the reviewer, poor beggar, "knows his job," and how useful tuppence a line really is to a man with a family. And so the mill goes merrily round.

From this same *London Opinion* we gather that some publishers are being hit by the war in a personal sense. For example:—

Martin Secker applied to the tribunals recently for exemption; he is publishing books that are earning royalties for authors who are away on active service, and has no one he can leave in charge of his business. But because he has a partner, even though the partner has no practical acquaintance with the trade, exemption was refused.

Herbert Jenkins is another publisher who is liable to serve. Meanwhile his staff has gone. "I am," he says, "keeping my own books, and occasionally have had to wrap up my own parcels. I have not yet gone out to deliver any, but there is no knowing what one may come to nowadays."

There is an accent of complaint here, which is not pretty. Why shouldn't a hefty young publisher "do his bit" for the country of his love along with the rest of them? Is it Mr. Secker who is earning the royalties of authors away on active service? And why shouldn't Mr. Jenkins' staff go, like other people's staffs, and why shouldn't he tie up his own parcels? It is an absolute fact that if the publishing trade as a whole were to be shut down from to-morrow until the end of the war, England would not be a penny the worse. Rather would such a shutting down be a clear gain to the community. In war-time paper used to print fiction upon is waste; labour used to "handle" and disseminate fiction would be better employed in munition factories; and as for our general supplies of reading matter, we say that there is a great deal more value in the old, which cannot be taken from us, than there is ever likely to be in the new, which is the staple of the publishing houses.

The money which has been spent on trivial books since the beginning of the war runs into millions. Let

us suppose that there are only five hundred bookshops in the United Kingdom, and that the average turnover of each is £50 weekly. In fifty-two weeks that means £1,300,000 gone on what is at best a luxury and at worst next door to a vice. We note that Mr. Clement Shorter, with certain other literary people, has signed an appeal to the public, which suggests that, with a view to helping on the war, we should go without meat on a Thursday and drink nothing alcoholic on Mondays. Very right and proper. But to go without the latest bookstall shillingsworth, and the latest footling six-shillingsworth "that everybody is talking about," would be vastly more to the point. Women are especially prone to this mania for devouring rubbish. They call it being "fond of books" and imagine that it is creditable to them. Of course, they are as anxious that "the war should be prosecuted to a successful issue" as any lawyer that ever slapped an honest waistcoat. By all accounts, they have been helping, and are still helping, magnificently. Let them help further, and "cut out" the new novel. Then the poor, dear publishers will have no parcels to tie, and no authors' royalties to worry about, and they can go off to the trenches, or wherever glory leads them, with perfectly easy minds.

Of course, both Mr. Secker and Mr. Jenkins are doubtless just as good patriots and as keen on getting one in on the enemy as the next man, and we know nothing evil about their respective publications. Our point is that no publisher of them all is entitled to exemption for either himself or his staff on the mere ground that he, or they, happen to be engaged in publishing; especially as, argue as one may to the contrary, publishing is, nowadays, largely a matter of selling fiction. The books which may be credited with having been of service to us in rousing our energies or strengthening our *moral* during this present war-time might almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Literature has failed lamentably to blow anything really stirring or inspiring out of the martial trumpet; the silver call has not been sounded, the heartening blast has been withheld. And we have had to fall back on Acts of Parliament.

Such of the foregoing remarks as might seem to be capable of application to newspapers, equally with books, are not intended so to be applied. Newspapers are necessary for the dissemination and discussion of current facts. It is proper to buy them, and proper to read them, even if one cannot always believe them. Spend your ha'pence by all means; but put your shillings net, your six shillings ordinary, and your library subscriptions into the War Loan. They will soon tot up, and Mr. McKenna is sure to be there with the five per cent. (or whatever it is) all correctly computed and ready for you.

It is curious to observe that MacDonagh, of whom one never heard in his life-time, is now being freely spoken of as "the poet MacDonagh," "Mr. MacDonagh,

the well-known Irish poet," and so on. The *Nation*, which describes him as "Mr. Thomas MacDonagh, one of those who signed the manifesto proclaiming an Irish Republic and has since been shot," reprints a poem of his which originally appeared in our contemporary's columns seven years ago. We quote the concluding stanzas:—

And, sure, 'tis the fools of knowledge who feign that the winds
of the world
Are but troubles of little calms by the greater calm enfurled;
I know them for symbols of glory and echoes of one Voice dread,
Sounding where spacious tempests house the great-hearted dead.

And what but a fool was I, crying defiance to death?
Who will lead my soul from this calm to mingle with God's very
breath!
Who will lead me hither, perchance, while you are waiting here
still,
Sighing for thought of one when the winds are out on the hill.

Palpably, this might pass for poetry of a sort. It has a certain force and "cry" of its own, even if the general effect be inchaotic. But the appellation "poet" should not be lightly bestowed at any time, and we cannot help thinking that those journalists who are so keen about bestowing it on Thomas MacDonagh do an ill service to letters (which won't worry them) and a worse service to right thinking (which will worry them less still). The late Mrs. Piercy, and, if our memory serves us, the late Mr. Charles Peace, wrote passable verses while actually lying under sentence of death. One can discriminate between the crimes of these worthies and the crime of MacDonagh, if it be worth the trouble, just as one can discriminate among their "poetry." On the other hand, a criminal is a criminal, and it is not good that the unreflecting world should be invited, either by implication or otherwise, to suppose that MacDonagh was any the less a traitor (and of the double-dyed variety at that) because he happens to have possessed some of the skill and passion requisite to the production of middling verse.

The current issue of the *Nation* (dated Saturday, May, 6, 1916) is, to all intents, little else than a tract on the side of sundry kinds of rebelliousness. In addition to the MacDonagh poem (which is printed without a word to indicate either disapproval of the author's treason, or approval of his punishment), the Editor publishes a plea for the merciful consideration of the lapses of Sir Roger Casement, which we think would have come with much better grace from counsel for the defence at the impending trial than from our contemporary or its correspondent, H. W. Nevinson. Casement is to be tried by the Lord Chief Justice of England and two other Judges, and we take it that there will be a Jury. Does the *Nation* imagine that it can influence English Judges or an English Jury by allowing Nevinson to "tell your readers of the admiration felt for Sir Roger Casement before the war by myself and very many of the men and women whom I most respect"? Of course not! Then why not leave the matter in the hands of those appointed to deal with it?

And what are we to make of this sort of thing?

We congratulate the Government on the speedy and ignominious downfall of the Irish *émeute*, but we record

with deep concern the trial and execution by court-martial of three of the signatories of the manifesto of the Provisional Government of the Irish Republic. . . Clemency would have been a high political virtue at such an hour. There was the American situation now in its most delicate and important phase. *We must expect it to be inflamed against us* when the tale of these executions has been presented in the States with the real and simulated passion of the Clann-Gael and its German friends. . . Have we lacked canonised Irish rebels that we must manufacture more?

The *Nation* chooses to ignore the real issue. If what has been happening in Ireland had taken place in peace time, "clemency" and "magnanimity" might have been all very well, and would doubtless have been forthcoming. But nobody in his senses can pretend to deny that "the Irish *émeute*" was really a German *émeute*. "Germany plotted it," says Mr. Redmond, "Germany paid for it." The lesson which has been so swiftly and sternly read out is for Germany, and not for Irish nationalism at all. On one page our contemporary bemoans the fate of "Professor Pearse [of what University was he professor, pray?], Mr. Clarke, an old Fenian [poor old gentleman!], and Mr. MacDonagh, the poet" (never commanded any armed rebels, and didn't order or connive at any sniping of British soldiers and harmless citizens in Dublin streets, didn't "Mr. MacDonagh, the poet," you know), and on another page tells us that—

for many weeks past in Dublin there has been talk of a deliberate attempt on the part of some official at the Castle to provoke an outbreak of violence. The rioting of a handful of corner boys was magnified into an armed rising, and the precautions taken to prevent a recurrence were on such a scale that the Irish Volunteers began to prepare in earnest. If the Castle authorities were right, it is difficult to understand how, with such a warning weeks ago, they allowed the present rising to reach a head at all. If, on the other hand, the exaggeration was deliberate and intentional, the unpreparedness is readily explained.

The italics are ours. The rest is the *Nation's*, and published by the *Nation*—not in Zurich or Stuttgart or Berlin, but at 10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C. If this ill-expressed comment means anything at all, it means:—

(1) That it may have been an official of Dublin Castle who plotted the very rising against the recurrence of which Dublin Castle took precautions.

(2) That in view of the "scale" of these precautions (whatever that may mean), it was only natural in the Irish Volunteers (not "rebels," mind you, but respectable "Volunteers") to make preparations for ensuring a recurrence.

(3) That if the authorities knew that what they had magnified into an armed rising was not an armed rising, but a mere riot of corner boys, they ought, nevertheless, to have treated it as if it were an armed rising.

(4) That the fact of their unpreparedness may be taken as presumptive evidence that they were in the plot.

Obviously such propositions carry their condemnation on their own foreheads. That they should be put forward at a moment like the present by a journal which claims to stand for high patriotism and honest thought is nothing short of scandalous. They will help and benefit nobody, and they are capable of being turned to purposes of quite another character.

Here is the *Nation* on what we suppose we must call the thorny subject of the hour:—

The conscientious objector is not a popular figure in war-time, and to the plain man his attitude seems irritating and incomprehensible. *His view of the course which a*

man should follow at this moment in this imperfect world is not ours. But few of us who find his standard impracticable would deny that the world is imperfect precisely because, from generation to generation, mankind has gone on obscuring and ignoring this higher standard. These men are with Tolstoy and the primitive Church in believing simply that Christianity is a religion of love, and that it is irreconcilable with the use of murderous force. Civilisation has come to its present pass because such voices were few and weak, and because those who half-listened to them found obedience too hard. A view may seem to us impracticable or extreme, a half-truth, or a truth for to-morrow. Such a dismissal does not discount its value. We live by half-truths.

Well—we don't! And the whole truth about the foregoing is that, while the honest conscientious objector has no need of it, the lover of the comfortable lee-side of "murderous violence" will find in it a full and uplifting confirmation of his muddle-headed "view."

ON THE TREATMENT OF GENIUS.

For works of genius, the wise world, knowing precisely upon which side its bread is buttered, has a prodigality of praise which is sometimes appalling. For genius in the abstract the equally wise world professes nothing but respect. But for genius in the flesh—well, the plain truth is that genius in the flesh has seldom managed to recommend itself to the tender mercies of the wise world. To say of any man that he is a genius, is really to put a sort of slur upon him, to bring up, indeed, in the mind's eye of the wise world visions of inept, undesirable, and even dangerous personality. "Hats off, gentleman—a genius!" may have been the attitude of here and there a foolish soul in a departed time; but we, who are the people with whom wisdom shall surely die, know better. "Get ready to be amused, or scandalised, or frightened to death," is more us. And perhaps the justifying reasons are not far to seek. As a fact, there are fewer than half-a-dozen actual genuises in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales (particularly Wales) at the present moment, and it would probably be considered an infringement of the provisions of the Defence of the Realm Act to mention their names. We will go this far, however: one of them belongs to paint and the other three—there are but four all told—belong to poetry. To our knowledge, the paint-man is in the devil's own way for what he calls "supplies," meaning thereby, the wherewithal to purchase tobacco and pay his landlady; whilst for the poetry-men, it is their doom, of course, to be always and sempiternally "short"; that is to say, without hope, boots, beer, or fourpence. Yet the other day there were paragraphs in the Northcliffe or the Chocolate press (possibly in both), announcing that there is a scarcity of pictures by English artists, who, it seems, are getting fancy prices for old studio work, and the Northcliffe press assures us on its oath that of late there has been an immense revival in poetry, and that a "famous" or "clever" publisher—we forget which—has actually bought up a "remainder" line in verse books running to the stupendous figure of 400 copies. We ourselves, who, thank the Lord, are not included among the geniuses, excepting, perhaps, behind our back, recently traded off 1,000 copies of "Sonnets" and 1,000 copies of "The Chant of Affection" for a cute little puppy dog answering to the

name of — And we don't care who knows it; nor do we repent our bargain, though the dawg, good lack, has since chewed up half of a Cowden Clarke and eaten the covers off "The Mighty Atom," our sole possession in the way of works by the Linnet of Stratford.

But enough of these vulgar withdrawals of the sacred curtain. Let us get back to our mutton-less geniuses. What is to become of them? The painter has painted nothing saleable; the poets have written nothing comprehensible. Yet there they are. They know they "have it in them." Persons who pay for their *apertifs*—the *apertif*, by the way, is the nearest they get to dinner most nights—regard them wistfully, and prophesy golden futures for them while still firmly refusing them the "loan" of present silver shillings. One of them is just returned from a sort of village of refuge built and beautified by the benevolent, where he appears to have had free lodging and victuals on the understanding that he should "be himself" and give free utterance to the surgings of his soul. He calls the place "the cats' home"—one gathers that it rejoices in its sprinkling of ladies—he avers that the "conditions," the "atmosphere," the *milieu* are entirely subversive of the life of the spirit, and that "he never set pen to paper all the bloomin' time." We are not astonished, neither do we blame him. Years and years ago we hazarded the opinion that the supreme poet would probably scorn expression. To put high, sweet thoughts into the one guise which renders them capable of being swapped among "lovers of poetry" over prunes and rice at A.B.C. shops is, on the whole, low. A rich man showing his money, and a rich mind exhibiting its treasures, are not hugely different affairs. Shakespeare might have died dumb if he hadn't liked his share of sack and venison pasty (wherein, of course, lies a rub); Milton, if he hadn't been infected with the last infirmity of noble minds; Tennyson, if he hadn't hankered after baronies; Swinburne, if he could have been content to tolerate the Tennysonian glory.

The genius of our own spacious times is not so human. You will never teach his soaring supremacy to condescend, and never pull his head out of the stars. Arthur Playfair might bestow a verse on him in *Bric-à-Brac*:

We takes off our 'ats to this genius.
An' why do we do it? Becors,
Though money is tight,
He's too proud to write,
So give 'im your kind applorse.

Kind applause (when by accident he slips something tremendous in the course of talk), a choice of the non-alcoholic beverages still within the compass of the hospitable; sympathy, and an occasional pair of cast-off trousers are all that some of us are ever likely to give him; and we say it in cold blood. It is conceivable that we ought to be a good deal more tender to him. He is really the salt of our weary earth, and of a far, far finer spiritual significance than all the pensioned or royalty-fattened persons of performance put together. In the day of perfect things we shall have learnt to honour (and support) the deviser of pictures too beautiful to be painted and poems too wonderful to be set down. But the dawning of that day is yet a great way off, and meanwhile our unhappy friend must, one supposes, be thrown back upon the hard and spiky facts of life.

KHAKI FOR ALL.

I.

Lo, the stark heavens are stirred:
 He cometh, plumed and spurred,
 To say the undaunted word,
 England!
 With high and haughty breath
 He hails the hordes beneath;
 This hath he for their teeth—
 "England again!"

V.

Death in his charnel house,
 Rage and the Devil's spouse
 Hate—ruffle not your brows,
 England!
 Blood of your fathers' blood,
 Bred of great motherhood,
 Suckled on ancient good—
 "England again!"

II.

King George in London Town,
 Sweareth our own's our own:
 Whose might shall pluck us down,
 England?
 Glories of slaughtered hosts,
 Splendours of English ghosts
 Beckon us from our coasts,
 England again!

VI.

You shall be steel and ice,
 Stronger than love, and thrice
 Stricken for sacrifice,
 England!
 You shall bow to the flail,
 The hammer and the nail,
 And perish—and prevail,
 England again!

III.

Shrewd, on our world of seas,
 Waketh at dawn a breeze
 Singing bold melodies,
 England!
 Rose-red the long day falls,
 And the frore night wind calls
 To our proud Admirals,
 "England again!"

VII.

While this our little land
 Hath a man-child to stand,
 He shall lift up his hand,
 England,
 To smite the accursed bars:
 Out of the din of wars
 He shall shout to the stars,
 "England again!"

IV.

Our Ensign flutters still
 On the unshaken hill;
 Our Bugle vaunteth shrill,
 England!
 What of the heathen druff?
 They are as burning chaff,
 Into their eyes we laugh,
 England again!

VIII.

Troop you from field and fold,
 Market and shop of gold;
 Let the full tale be told,
 England!
 Time beats his pitiless drum,
 Fate's at her iron loom,
 For the *New Earth* or doom—
 England again!

T. W. H. C.

IDEALS AND REBELLION.

I.

By the time the present writing is in print the Irish Rebellion will be over and done with. The malignant irreconcilables of dear, dirty Dublin, have had their orgie and paid the price. Politically considered, the affair scarcely amounts to a row of pins. We shall forget it, as we are in the habit of forgetting unpleasant episodes, and it is highly improbable that we shall be wiser next time. There is, of course, to be an investigation. Perhaps before Christmas next somebody who is really to blame will be unearthed and suitably admonished. Meanwhile, and for ourselves, we are rather interested in what may be termed the artistic aspects of this deplorable outburst. Art and a foolish Dublin riot might appear as the poles asunder, yet in this instance they appear to us to exhibit a curious interrelation. In the first place, one cannot help noting, though it is perhaps a matter of no moment, that the ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland—Mr. Birrell to wit—happens to be one of those persons who, on the strength of a far from formidable amount of writing, is commonly set down for a man of letters. It was stated in an organ of light and leading recently that Mr. Birrell should be put out of politics and returned to the arms of literature, or words to that effect. Literature can do without politicians. Then the Irish fictionist, George Moore, S.R.T., has been telling an interviewer that the origin of the Sinn Fein movement was in a newspaper called *Sinn Fein*, started by a printer named Arthur Griffiths, "who was a violently Irish person." We know what that means. Among his contributors were people not necessarily in sympathy with the later Sinn Fein outbreaks—for example, James Stephens, Æ., and W. B. Yeats. On top of which we have the fact that out of the three rebel leaders shot by order of Court Martial on Wednesday last, two were poets; whilst another ornament of the movement, the Countess Markievitz, was formerly an art student in Paris. In the *Daily Mail* Miss Violet Hunt has been giving us her recollections of the Countess, who, it seems, was known in the region of Montmartre by the joyous nickname of Teuf-Teuf.

Miss Violet Hunt has nothing intrinsically evil to report of Teuf-Teuf, the worst, perhaps, being the following: "About two in the morning she returned, and, putting off the walk to her studio on the other side till morning, laid down on the floor of my room and put herself to sleep with a recitation of Swinburne's 'Triumph of Time'—every word of it." Also, "she sometimes turned in at the Morgue, which had a singular fascination for her." Also, "I do not fancy she was mad at all, but I am sure she had not ever quite enough to eat. I believe her very brain was starved. She did not think; she had no emotions which she could not work off with a round of Swinburne, or a dance at the Moulin de la Galette."

Beginning with Griffiths and continuing to Markievitz, one can conjure up for oneself a pretty fair picture of what we shall take the risk to call the spiritual brains of Sinn Feinism. Griffiths, the "very Irish person,"

ready to risk his last penny and his last drop of printer's ink for Irish ideals; Stephens, Æ., and W. B. Yeats (the latter now the recipient of an English pension) all for Irish ideals, and the world well lost; and in Paris—unknown to them, but alive and kicking—the Countess-to-be, spouting Swinburne, regaling herself at the Morgue, and getting rid of her emotions at the Moulin de la Galette. Verily, it is a wonderful world, and verily (as Tennyson has it) do our echoes roll from soul to soul. We have to presume that if Messrs. Stephens, Æ., and W. B. Yeats of that day had dreamed that out of *Sinn Fein* the newspaper there might indirectly grow the malign Sinn Fein disturbances of yester-week, they would have been startled out of their fifteen senses and finished with Mr. Griffiths's newspaper forthwith. For, though the youth of literary Ireland has always encouraged a plain regard for ideals, nobody will accuse it of any serious intent either to promote bloodshed or shed its own blood. Stephens, Russell and Yeats are not of the order of martyrs, and Stephens and Yeats have not even talked rebellious talk. And while Swinburne, the literary fetish of Markievitz, may have been a horse of another colour, in that he would probably have rejoiced over a rebellion in Ireland pretty much as small boys rejoice at a fire, he was nevertheless an honest little man, and would have been shocked to learn that young ladies in Paris or elsewhere were using his elaborate dithyrambs in the place of sleeping draughts, or as a sort of safety valve when they happened to feel the approach of an attack of hysteria.

It goes without saying that investigation into the origin of things must always be pulled up somewhere. Perhaps when we turn to literature for the beginning of Sinn Fein, we are probing deeper than the roots of things. Yet it seems to us conceivable that if the Countess Markievitz had not happened to dote on Swinburne she might now be painting pretty pictures for next year's Royal Academy instead of pondering her defence to such charges as authority may see fit to bring against her. And if Irish poetry had not got so inextricably tangled up with Irish politics, Mr. Birrell might still be Secretary for Ireland. There is a moral in all this, both for people who write and people who read, which is that burning words and fiery imaginings, not to mention literariness, do not always translate very beautifully into action.

SUFFICIENT.

It shall suffice if one swift word
Of thine the living hope hath stirred
In one sick soul when faith was blurred.

And if upon the tilth of pain
Thou rear'st one earful of the grain
Of power, that men may sow again

To keep the seed of Paradise—
Though thou be broken, sere and thrice
Blasted by Fate, it shall suffice.

REVIEWS.

IRISHMEN OF TO-DAY.

Æ (George W. Russell).—By DARREL FIGGIS. (Maunsel.) 2s. 6d. net.

William Butler Yeats.—By J. M. HONE. (Maunsel.) 2s. 6d. net.

Sir Edward Carson.—By ST. JOHN G. ERVINE. (Maunsel.) 2s. 6d. net.

In view of recent happenings, Messrs. Maunsel's series of monographs dealing with representative men of the green and unfortunate Isle—we use the first epithet very advisedly—may be considered to possess some sort of special interest. We plead guilty to having read twice over the three volumes whose titles are set forward at the head of this review; that is to say, once before the Small Rebellion, and once since. And we must admit that, if we have not been vastly edified, we have at least been entertained. Even though Mr. Darrel Figgis scarcely strikes us as being ordained by heaven to deal with such a figure as that of *Æ*, he does manage to get a certain amount of drawing into his picture, and while the big line escapes him, one feels he is not lacking in the consciousness that it ought to be there. If we may be allowed to rush in where Figgis has more or less hesitated to tread, we should say that George W. Russell is (or was) a poet who has made the mistake of assuming that, because he could turn out competent—and, if you like, "arresting" and "moving"—verse, and had knowledge of, and profound sympathy for, the much-advertised "wrongs" of his country, he was therefore a natural-born statesman, fallen upon Ireland like a saviour, destined to set straight her distorted things, and to empty the broad quiver which the wicked Oppressor is alleged to bear along. Nearly all Irish poets have tumbled into this pitfall, and once in, there they stay; orating, adjuring, and calling down the lightnings, but producing no further poetry. In the majority of cases literature has no great cause for regret, but in the case of *Æ* it is a pity. Mr. Figgis, of course, will not have it that a poet of *Æ*'s parts could possibly take the wrong turning. He labours under the impression that poetry and the science of economics are the complements of each other. He boasts of *Æ*'s views about co-operation, pig-breeding, and polity as if they were affairs of the Muses, and he quotes with equal gusto the poem called "Om," which it is to be hoped we all know, and such cheap talk as this:—

God gives no second gift to a nation if it flings away its birthright. We cannot put on the ideals of another people as a garment. We cannot, with every higher instinct of our nature shocked and violated, express ourselves as lovers of the law that rules us. We would be slaves if we did.

Jim Larkin, or Connolly, might rise to such levels; but they couldn't have given Ireland "Om" to save their lives. *Æ*, the poet, must know, in his heart of hearts, that nobody, unless it be the Germans, wants to interfere with Irish ideals, and that the Irish people are no more slaves than the English people, "who never, never, never can be slaves." Yet *Æ* the "pathriot" must indulge

the pathriotic rage—and he indulges. We wonder where Irish ideals, as represented by *Æ*, W. B. Y., and the rest of them, would be if the apostles of English ideals had been so stupid as to scorn or combat them instead of taking them to the bosom. And when it comes to slavery, there is not an Englishman breathing the breath of life who has not now cause to envy Irishmen. For never in the history of the world has a nation, with or without ideals, been so pampered, humoured, and cosseted as the Irish. "Discontent in Ireland!" There you have, and have pretty well always had, the whole trouble. The spoilt child whines even over sugar-plums. We are afraid that it is so with our little Sister.

What we have said of *Æ* will not in the least apply to W. B. Yeats, who, as Mr. Hone tells us, has endeavoured, and "to some extent succeeded" in ridding Irish literature of "its propagandist tendencies and what he has called 'the obsession of public life.'" We have a suspicion that Mr. Yeats' popularity in his own land has suffered somewhat on this account. But there is quite sufficient propaganda in Yeats for all that—no Irishman can, as yet, really help it—and his claim to be

True brother of that company
Which sang to sweeten Ireland's wrong.

is a justifiable claim. We like Mr. Hone's book. It is simply and honestly written; it puts the critical facts as fairly as one can expect them to be put in the circumstances, and it does not belittle its subject by over-laudation. Yeats, as we all know, is a lesser poet than *Æ* might have been, and to set him on the line with Keats and Shelley and Blake, as some people do, is preposterous. But he has done his bit for poetry, and more than his bit for Irish ideals, and if Ireland is not proud of him, she ought to be ashamed of herself.

The volume on Sir Edward Carson appears to us to be rather a waste of paper and printer's ink. At random you may find in it passages like the following:—

Mr. Swift MacNeill is a Learned Bird. He has an immense store of footling knowledge, and is inordinately pleased with himself for descending from Dean Swift. His chief function in the House of Commons appears to be that of Yapper. When someone makes a disparaging remark about Ireland, Mr. MacNeill shouts, "Oh! oh!!" with something of the passion which one ejaculates when impaled upon a pin. . . . Sir Edward Carson easily surpasses [this gentleman] in his ability to fill the music-hall stage as the Comic Irishman.

Sir Edward Carson is no friend of ours, and we know nothing of Mr. Swift McNeill; but if this kind of writing passes in Ireland for serious criticism, we are compelled to suppose that Irish ideals are not by any means the noble affair we have endeavoured to believe them to be. In a "foreword"—why not "preface"?—the author tells us that soon after he had "accepted the commission to write this book" he met a friend "who is the assistant editor of an important Conservative weekly review, and although he is a journalist, a distinguished man of letters." "I told him," continues the "foreword," "that I was about to write a book on Sir Edward Carson, and he gaped at me for a few moments in astonishment. Then he said, 'Good God!' and walked away."

Sir Edward Carson is either worth writing about or not worth writing about. If he is not worth writing about (as Mr. St. John Ervine makes out), he should not be written about even in monographs dedicated to *Æ*.

A SINGER AND SOME SONNETS.

Song of the Unborn.—By GEORGINA B. PAGET. (Richards.) 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Grant Richards is one of the few publishers who can be depended upon not to put his imprimatur on really impossible verse. The poets who come his way may not be of the highest—the highest seldom comes any publisher's way nowadays—but they are always poets, even if it be only in flashes. And a flash of the authentic light is clearly to be preferred to no light at all. In this neatly designed little book, the "Song of the Unborn," we get a flash on the very first page. Here it is:—

Be like the bird for a moment swayed
On too frail a branch, who sings—
Tho' the branch may tremble—unafraid,
Knowing that he has wings. . . .

Now, it is plain that the author of this quatrain is a rough-and-ready workman—one of those workers, in fact, who scribble down the next thing that enters their heads, without much in the way of serious regard for refinements of language or perfections of form. There is no conscious artistry about the verse; the rhythm is faulty and the construction distinctly clumsy; and yet—the flash, which is either poetry or nothing.

Carelessness, "sing-and-be-blowed-to-'em," is Miss Paget's besetting fault; though sometimes she manages to get through quite passably. In this morsel called "Epitome," for example:—

Because my country called, I went.
An only son my parents' mourn,
Fighting, I fell, and am content;
To this end I was born.

What more is there to be said, and who, on the whole, could have said it better? But in a poem, so short, one really shouldn't have an inversion like "An only son my parents' mourn." The English is "My parents mourn an only son"; and the possessive point (doubtless a misprint—has no business there at all. We are not a school-master, and it is no function of ours to teach people with singing souls the rudiments of expression. But we take the liberty of advising Miss Paget to sit up and pay attention to her work. It is worth all the attention she can bestow on it. And to people who are willing to put up with a great deal of slack writing for the sake of a more than occasional glimpse of beauty, we heartily recommend this volume.

Adventurous Love and other Verses.—By GILBERT CANNAN. (Methuen.) 3s. 6d. net.

Fifty sonnets—and all about love! And "some-where there is a war on!"

Never in vain! The nightingale proclaims
No other truth. In the dark night he tells
The night is not in vain. In woods and dells,
When other creatures sleep, the singer shames
The hopeless. Love works through not for our aims,
Through and not for the singer, whose ditty swells
Out on the night air. Bravely he rebels
Against the night.

And so on *ad lib.*, et *ad nauseam*. If Mr. Gilbert Cannan could, indeed, write sonnets, whether about love or any other passion or emotion, one might forgive him, even in war-time. But the plain truth is that, while he clings faithfully and desperately to the sonnet form, he might just as well (or better) have written in blank verse or rhymed couplets, for any real effect he produces. The sonnet may be a trumpet, a key for unlocking Shakespearean hearts, a moment's ecstasy, and the rest of it; but it is also a lure, a springe, a pitfall, and a barbed-wire entanglement for unwary ambition, and unless he is reasonably sure of a special call, the wise poet lets it alone. We believe that if anybody had gone to Swinburne in his prime and offered him a couple of thousand sovereigns for fifty sonnets about love, he would have referred the would-be buyer to Watts-Dunton, who in his turn would have pointed out that Mr. Swinburne was a busy man and that his engagements precluded him from accepting such an offer, generous and flattering though it might be. Whereas he, Watts-Dunton, was not quite so busy; but, after all, fifty sonnets!—and on the one subject!—a very, very, very large order indeed! Swinburne knew that he couldn't write sonnets—two reasonably fine attempts were the limit of his execution in this department—and he also knew that Watts-Dunton and sundry other persons couldn't. Mr. Cannan, who has not yet given us anything like "Atalanta" or "The Garden of Proserpine," adventures, and though one deplores his temerity, one may admire his pluck. He says that—

As in a players' booth,
[He] saw life rounded, kneaded to a cud
For hope to chew.

And we venture to say that sonnets can never be fashioned out of that sort of stuff. He means well, and he has been patient with himself—because he is a prose-writer of some parts, and presumably therefore of equal taste—but as sonneteer, he fails.

Nor does he attain to a much higher level of accomplishment when he essays the comparatively easy lyric. From "Lines on Visiting his Lady in War-Time" we take three stanzas:—

They have put out the light.
What then?
Your days are viler than your nights,
O men!

There shall be darkness now
And noise.
The spirit loses in your row
Its joys.

O! like a hare is she,
My dear,
And sport it is to set her spirit free
From fear.

We have been careful to collate the foregoing with Mr. Cannan's printed words, so that he may have no ground for complaint about misprints. If he thinks it would be fairer to print the whole piece we will oblige him in our next issue on receipt of his permission. But that word "row" can never be got rid of, and that "O! like a hare is she, my dear," calls up irresistibly a trifling tag of Mr. Harry Lauder, who, after praising a certain "bonnie lassie" in good stage Doric, is wont to remark: "S'-sh—her-re she comes! . . . No—it's only a rabbit!"

PREFACE TO MR. JOHN BIRD- SEED'S INEDITED VOLUME,

"SONGS OF HATE AND MURDER."

We have been told in much sturdy prose and trumpet verse that the English "are afraid of nothing." Up to a point this is true; but only up to a point. And that point is Poetry. High explosives, withering machine-gun fire, and howling phalanxes of Huns, afield; Zeppelins, black darkness, hideous lawyers and dropsical taxes at home, have no terrors whatever for Englishmen. Neither have burglars, runaway taxi-cabs, escaped tigers, or conscription. But Poetry! Well, Poetry; who of us is not bathed in the cold sweats of cowardice at the bare thought of it?

The other day I looked from a windy eminence upon London. There was St. Paul's Cathedral; there was the Thames new-mailed in morning; there were the Houses of Parliament. There, worse luck, was the Ministry of Munitions. And there were the offices of my literary agents. And, spread like a swirling dream amidst and around and illimitably beyond these shining landmarks, were millions of houses, with millions of people in them—all, every one of them (the people, I mean), man, woman and child, taking the war as coolly as so many cucumbers, and with a calm which does not give a single damn; but in their secret hearts possessed of a haunting and terrible fear—the fear of Poetry.

I brooded over those millions of people as a hen might brood over an infinity of chickens. The tears stung in my eyes, and I had to swallow hard as I reflected that if I could only get at those dear splendid people with ever such a little book of poetry, say, at 2s. 6d. ordinary, or even 1s. net, my fortune would be made, and the Lord Chief Justice of England might ask me to dinner to meet the children of Israel with a view to arranging a useful loan.

"Why not?" I said to myself; "why shouldn't I capture 'em: 'Where there's a will there's a way,' as the bellowsmaker's wife said when her husband told her that he was afraid he couldn't buy Buckingham Palace for her. 'By the nine fair Muses and the three sweet tops of Helicon, I'll have a fly for it!'"

Then I proceeded to put on my commercial thinking-cap. I became a sort of inspired "expert business organiser"—a "tear-the-paper-off-the-wall" man. I propounded to myself these propositions:

There is the public—millions of public.

The public has pockets.

Mr. McKenna has very kindly left still a little money in those pockets.

Here are you.

You have a pocket.

Mr. McKenna has very kindly allowed you to retain your pocket.

Also you have goods—poetical goods, wares, stock-in-trade, merchandise which you are gasping to sell.

To whom should you sell, if not to the public? To whom do the virtuous sell, if not to the public?

Be virtuous.

Go down and take what is yours.

You say the public don't want your goods?

Who told you that? Did the public tell you?

Your publisher told you?

He is a ———. Anyway, don't believe him.

You say the public is frightened by poetry? Bunkum!

It is you who are frightened, frightened of yourself, frightened of the public, and still more frightened of your low-grade poetry.

Yes, sir!

Approach the public. Approach it with a firm step. Look it steadily in the eyeball. Stroke its glossy neck. Begin with a carrot. Get expert business organisers to tell the public how good your carrots are.

The public will then eat thereof.

You will charge them the proper price for your good carrots.

There will be a margin of profit.

You will be rich.

So, good people, let us commence. Get your money ready and read the following. Steady, now. Whoa! Steady! It won't hurt you, really:

THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN.

I.

London has lost
A useful citizen
In the death,
Which occurred recently
At Brighton,
Of Mr. ———,
Of Blackfriars Bridge Wharves.
Mr. ———,
Who was aged 65,
Was one of the largest
Dust contractors
In London.

II.

In his youth
He succeeded
To his father's business
As coal merchant
And street and house-refuse contractor
At Dockhead,
Bermondsey,
And he developed
The refuse disposal business
At the wharf
On the south side
Of Blackfriars Bridge
To such an extent,
That for years he was known
As
"The Golden Dustman."

III.

He opened the business
At Blackfriars
In the year before
The Tower Bridge
Was opened;
Upon which occasion
He decorated his wharf
And jetty
In honour
Of Queen Victoria,
Who went
To the opening ceremony
In State
By water.

IV.

Mr. ———
 Became contractor
 To many
 London boroughs
 And district councils,
 Including
 The City of Westminster,
 Southwark,
 Lambeth,
 Richmond,
 Mortlake,
 And Wimbledon,
 And his barges conveying
 The house and street refuse
 To the Thames Estuary
 And the Essex Marshes
 Were well known
 To all users
 Of the river.

V.

It is estimated
 That he disposed
 Of a quarter of a million
 Tons of refuse
 Annually.

VI.

The business
 Is now being carried on
 By the late
 Mr. ———'s
 Executors.

You like that, don't you? "Some" poem, eh? Well—I didn't write it; and you have probably read it before; because it is taken *holus bolus* and word for word from a large selection, or anthology, of similar poetry published in the *Star* newspaper less than a year ago.

The *Star*, in common, indeed, with all other newspapers, has been publishing this kind of poetry, and scarcely any other kind, ever since the paper was started. The *Star* published hunks of this poetry last evening, and the evening before that, and the evening before that, for years and years and years. And you have been reading it, and liking it, and paying your ha'pennies for it; and nobody knows what would happen to you if you tried to do without it, and probably you cannot do without it, and never will be able to do without it.

So you see that, really, poetry is a quite harmless and inoffensive affair, and nothing to be frightened about. All I have done to the *Star's* poem is to cut it into short metrical lengths and call it a poem instead of a news paragraph. To every intent and purpose the whole beautiful lyric in the *Star's*. To begin with, the very beautiful title is the *Star's*. The grave sadness (I mean it, mind you) in the opening strophe is the *Star's*. The touches of pride, resolve, and triumph which follow are the *Star's*. So are the bright notes of pagentry and colour in Section III., and the noble, and one might almost say, Miltonic collocation of moving place names—Westminster, Southwark, Lambeth, Richmond, Mortlake, and Wimbledon in Section, or Strophe, IV. The piece as a whole is admirable, direct, well-knit, bare of trope, metaphor, and unnecessary symbolism, and beautifully finished:

The business
 Is now
 Being carried on
 By Mr. ———'s
 Executors.

What poet of them all could have put this vital information, this news from the inner court of things as it were, in more precise, polished, convincing, or moving language?

Good people, do not be misled. There was once a great poet named William Wordsworth. He wrote many fine poems which I hope you will one day read, and he also wrote some excellent prose about language. And Wordsworth says this:

It would be a most easy task to prove . . . that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from good prose; but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose, when prose is well written.

Wordsworth also says:

The earliest poets of all nations [nothing to do with flags] generally wrote from passion excited by real events; they wrote naturally and as men. . . [They wrote] a language . . . which was still the language of men. This circumstance, however, was disregarded by their successors. They found they could please by easier means; they became proud of a language they themselves had invented, and which was uttered only by themselves; and, with the spirit of fraternity, they arrogated it to themselves as their own. In process of time metre became a symbol of promise of this unusual language, and whoever took upon him to write in metre, according as he possessed more or less of true poetic genius, introduced less or more of this adulterated phraseology into his compositions, and the true and the false became so inseparably interwoven that the taste of men was gradually perverted. . . Abuses of this kind were imported from one nation to another [mostly from Germany], and with the progress of refinement, this diction became daily more and more corrupt, thrusting out of sight the plain humanities of nature by a motley masquerade of tricks, quaintness, hieroglyphics, and enigmas.

And, of course, in the end the public got frightened, and poetry which was labelled poetry began to have the same effect upon them as a mouse has upon an elephant; that is to say, it threw them into agonies of terror.

And now let us turn to my own poor efforts. I have called them "Songs of Hate and Murder" because it is war time, and in war time it behoves us all to be right on the nail. Also, as you may have noticed, the Germans have been making a rare fuss over a song, or hymn, of hate, written by a scurvy fellow called Lissauer. This song, or hymn, of Lissauer's has been warbled in every part of Germany, pretty much as we in England used to sing "Tipperary" and "Here we are again."

Why, I ask, should the Germans have it all their own way in the hating business? We English people don't hate half enough; or, if we do, we manage to be very secret about it. I don't suppose for a moment that my poems will teach you to hate like the Germans hate, otherwise I wouldn't print them for all the money in the Yorkshire Penny Bank. But some of them may help you on the road, so to speak, and in any case they will at least serve to show you that there are a few people in the world whom I hate with a hatred passing the love of woman—and for excellent good reasons. All I beg is that, having read me through and through, and over and over again, you will not turn round and hate Me, because I shouldn't like it.

"CAMEOS FROM THE CLASSICS."

Perfection is inextinguishable.—*G. B. S.*

To win the fight we must fight to win.—*Ben Tillett.*

We live in great times, and I pity the man or woman who cannot rise accordingly to them.—*Mr. Hughes.*

We have all read of a certain robust New York gentleman of the cloth, who was constantly thrown among the worst characters around the dark river fronts at night, and recall how he held his own against the toughest of them by his fistic skill. There are many such physically able clergymen at present, doing heroic duty among the slums and dives of the great metropolis, whose gallant, plucky deeds are never extolled to the public. They are generally plain, modest men who dodge notoriety. But in their humble way they do an immense lot of good by their undaunted courage and boxing proficiency.—*Sunday Sun (New York).*

One day when water was short, as usual at Anzac, General Birdwood, passing a man who was trying to wash in his tea-cup allowance of it, remarked encouragingly, "Having a good clean-up?" "Yes, general," was the reply, "and I only wish I was a bloody canary!"—*Nation.*

So we are at our old job in Ireland—slaying the wrong-headed Irish idealists and being slain by them, instead of setting them to work on the re-making of Ireland. Here was a revolt—half-serious, half-comic, altogether a failure.—*Nation.*

That war is not an unmixed curse is generally admitted, necessity having produced many recent and valuable discoveries, amongst others the removal of growths without the use of the knife. Even so simple an ailment as a corn may now be thoroughly and completely removed by the application of —, which is obtainable of all chemists, put up in a red carton.—*American Advt.*

O lips interbitten and twisted,
Magnificent trace, doubly dear,
Of ecstasy drunk from your beautiful mouth,
Whose prodigal passionate warmth of the South
Were a chalice of lavas that sear.

—*New Poet.*

The extraordinary fact was reported in Friday's *Daily Mail* that, after signing an appeal to the public not to eat meat on Thursdays because of the general shortage, the Bishop of London had not started to observe Thursday as a fast-day himself. Probably you cannot blame him. The attitude of Fulham Palace is only typical of the general condition of England. The "It-doesn't-matter-much" feeling is what will do more to delay our final victory in the war—if, indeed, it does not cause us to lose it—than any other combination of circumstances.—*Weekly Dispatch.*

Our business now is to win the war. If we do not win the war, you will be surprised how little the feuds that have existed amongst us will matter. Liberalism is a faith and not a feud, and what we are concerned about is faith and liberty. To maintain that, we must sink everything, faction, differences, disputes—everything is to be subordinated to re-establishing the supremacy of the freedom of Europe and the world.—*Lloyd George.*

When the Minister of Munitions arrived he was accorded a most hearty greeting, the assembly rising and singing "For he's a jolly good fellow."—*Daily Chronicle.*

We hail thee, Cambria's uncrowned king,
Hurrah, hurrah,
To greet thy coming, now we sing,
Hurrah, hurrah;
The hero of many a battle ground,
In him a saviour we have found.
And we all feel proud to meet Lloyd George to-day.
—*Welsh Poet.*

Let us not delude ourselves with exaggerations, either as to our own sacrifices or as to the enemy's losses.—*Chiossa Money.*

The English have always been great amateurs, not only in art, but in science, even in life itself.—*Mr. Havelock Ellis.*

Rousseau made the world think. He introduced new ideas, which were often wrong, but almost always fruitful.—*The Earl of Cromer.*

Conscientious objectors appear incapable of realising that they owe the protection of their hearths and homes to those who fight for them.—*Duchess of Montrose.*

Conscience is like a clock—the best of all possible guides if it is right, but the worst if it is wrong; and it is only too liable to go wrong.—*Bishop Welldon.*

Have you ever thought that Shakespeare's greatest speeches are written in the simplest form of Anglo-Saxon, words of one or two syllables, as "To be or not to be, that is the question"? This gives the actor a chance to act, to express emotion, and, as they say, "to dig his teeth into the lines!"—*Mr. Daniel Frohman.*

At the present moment women in all the belligerent countries are prolonging the war by increasing the resources of the belligerents—not only directly, by engaging in munition work, but indirectly by taking over men's industries and thereby enabling their respective nations to put more and more soldiers in the field.—*Cicely Hamilton.*

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